



SEBASTIAN CABOT

—JOHN CABOT



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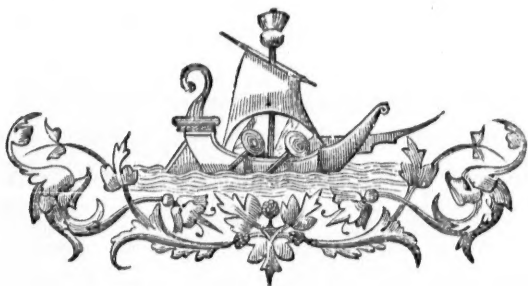


To

DHUNIE

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers,
But Error wounded writhes with pain
And dies among his worshipers.

Bryant.



THE CABOTS

IN THESE DAYS WHEN ELECTROPLATE and Show invade and pervade our sanctums, banishing many of our sterling national and family treasures bearing the hall-mark of truth and reality to our garrets or to the vaults of our bankers, it becomes us from time to time to look out and overhaul our household gods, to inspect their condition, that we may transmit them to our children unimpaired. Keep the golden candlesticks of your households polished, and permit neither your Bible, your morality, nor your history to become tarnished by

neglect or disuse, was the paternal advice of the Old Translators, advice which comes home to our business and bosoms with peculiar force to-day.

The Fifth of March has already, for the hundredth time, reminded us of our national origin and our progress. Soon the hundredth Fourth of July will be here, and ere long the four-hundreth anniversary of the birth of our Continent. In the whirl and turmoil of the present, are we sufficiently mindful of the past, that, as these red-letter days come round, we may, at short sight, be ready to exhibit to the world, giving an account of our stewardship, our historical penates and heirlooms untarnished and pure?

Indulging in this burnishing mood, suggested by our calendar of events, and resolving well for the future, but hardly knowing where to begin, we found on our table a little volume bearing this title: *The Remarkable Life, Adventures and Discoveries of Sebastian Cabot, of Bristol, the Founder of Great Britain's Maritime Power; Discoverer of America, and its first Colonizer.* By J. F. Nicholls, City Librarian, Bristol. 205pp. Cap 4to, London, Sampson Low & Co., 1869.

We confess that we cut the leaves of this beautiful book, from the Chiswick Press of Whittingham, with an eagerness that has seldom been ours. We read it through, and through, and through, and closed it with a profound disappointment which had never before been ours. We interleaved it delicately with our historic litmus-paper and endeavored to test its facts and inferences by the new lights and the new readings developed by the active research of our age. We had long hoped some day to find time with reverent hands to mouse round in old Bristol and discover some long hidden documents that might throw light on the honored family of the Cabots. Mr Nicholls, as a thorough-going antiquary, well versed in the grave-stone, cuddy-hole and garret lore of his city, has dispelled that hope.

We know nothing of Mr Nicholls personally, but his book shows him to be an earnest, painstaking biographer, as honest in his convictions and statements as an overwhelming partiality for a pet subject renders it possible for *him* to be. He has studied so lovingly and so persistently that he has Cabotized all his surroundings. Not having

found at Bristol anything unknown before, properly pertaining to the Cabots, and being no more successful elsewhere in England, he has been compelled to rehash the excellent but ill-digested work of our countryman Biddle with the works of Tytler and Humboldt, seasoning the dish with the recent discoveries of Mr Rawdon Brown in Venice and Mr Bergenroth in Spain, flavoring the whole with a portrait of Sebastian Cabot exquisitely engraved by Rawle, and an extract from "Sebastian Cabot's map" of 1544, now preserved in the Imperial library at Paris.

Mr Nicholls as a painstaking chronicler, has used, it must be admitted, all the materials that the active research of many geographers and antiquaries has turned up in the present century. Nothing old or new, bearing directly on the Cabots, seems to have escaped him, not even the latest disquisitions of Mr Bancroft, Dr Kohl or M. d'Avezac. The result is the above remarkable title-page to a more remarkable book of which the following remarkable passages are the substance of his conclusions:—

"And Sebastian Cabot will henceforth have a home in every English heart, as well as in that of the great nation who dwell in the land which he first discovered, and which ought at this day, instead of America, to be called Cabotia." [Page x.] "The date of his death, like that of his birth, is unknown.... Even where his ashes lie is a mystery; and he who gave to England a continent, and to Spain an empire, lies in some unknown tomb." Page 187

"This man, who surveyed and depicted three thousand miles of a coast which he had discovered; who gave to Britain, not only the continent, but the untold riches of the deep, in the fisheries of Newfoundland, and the whale fishery of the Arctic sea; who broke up a monopoly that, vampire-like, was sucking out England's infant strength, and unlocked for her the treasures of the world, saying, 'Go, win and then wear them;' who is never reported to have struck an aggressive blow; who made enemies into friends, and whose friends were ever warmly attached to him; who, by his uprightness and fair dealing, raised England's name high among the nations, placed her credit on a solid foundation, and made her citizens respected; who was the father of free trade, and gave us the carrying trade of the world; this man has not a statue in the city [Bristol] that gave him birth, or in the metropolis of the country he so greatly enriched, or a name on the land he discovered. Emphatically, the most scientific seaman of his own or, perhaps, many subsequent ages—one of the greatest, bravest, best of men—his actions have been misrepresented, his discov'ries denied, his deeds

ascribed to others, and calumny has flung its filth on his memory." [Page 188.] "We have striven to clear away the misrepresentations with which ignorance, prejudice, and malignity have overlaid his life and actions.... To us it has been indeed a labor of love; for, like some glorious antique in an acropolis of weeds, he grew in beauty as we lifted off, one after another, the aspersions which had been cast upon him, until, as the last stain was removed, and our loving work was done, as he stood before us in the majesty of his true manhood, we were amazed that such a man should have remained so little known, and our only sorrow in connection with our work was this—that the task of exhuming his reputation had not fallen into abler and more efficient hands." [Page 189.]

Now, without attempting to become champions of Historic Truth, being familiar with *all* the materials specially bearing upon the Cabots used in compiling this book, and acquainted with much more of a general character which ought to have been used by the loving compiler, we cannot forbear any longer to record our earnest and loving protest, in behalf of the memory of Christopher Columbus and John Cabot, against such wholesale assumptions. We hesitate not to declare that there is no warrant in the documents used by Mr Nicholls to justify him in placing Sebastian Cabot on this pedestal.

Until very recently it was not possible to eliminate the exploits of Sebastian, the son, from the story of John Cabot, the father. Peter Martyr, Oviedo, Gomara, Ramusio, Eden and Hakluyt, all speak of them at times indiscriminately and very confusedly. All their testimony is either gossipy and loose, or recorded at second or even third hand, long after date, with a painful lack of precision and chronology, evidence altogether untrustworthy. This confusion has now been made apparent by the contemporary documents recently given to the world. The matter is now partially, not wholly, cleared up, leaving our present knowledge of Sebastian Cabot very slight, even less than when he shone in his father's plumes.

It is only by making his hero tell a positive falsehood (see page 110) that Mr Nicholls makes Sebastian Cabot an Englishman at all instead of a Venetian, and in the face of the most valuable contemporary papers he appropriates honors to the son which rightfully belong to the father, John Cabot. The truth is that all these contemporary documents of 1497 and 1498 recently

brought to light from the archives of Venice, Simancas and Seville, by Mr Rawdon Brown and Mr Bergenroth, at the instigation of the British government, refer only to John Cabot and the voyage of 1497, merely alluding to the larger expedition of 1498 as having gone forth, John Cabot with it, but not yet returned. Nothing whatever on contemporary authority at present is known of the details or results of this latter voyage, or of Sebastian Cabot's connection with it. That he was in both voyages, though very young, there is little doubt, but in a subordinate capacity. As nothing more is heard of John Cabot it is not unlikely that he died during the voyage of 1498, and so his son took command—but even this is not certain.

We have no distinct account of the *second* voyage of 1498, nor have we of any subsequent voyage from England, of Sebastian Cabot. If he made the voyages of 1502, or 1517, or 1527, or the "many other voyages, which I now pretermit," they "took none effect," and we have no reliable accounts of them. Like the spurious voyage of 1494, they must have got into history

from typographical errors (like 1494 from MCCCC-XCVII, II for a bad v,) misreadings of authorities, or from illogical old gossips like Peter Martyr of Angleria and Butrigarius.

It is always dangerous, we know, to attempt the proof of a negative from circumstantial evidence, for any day new documents may turn up to confront us and spoil our reasoning. But our present lights, if hung with impartiality and judgment, are sufficient to dissipate the fog that has so long obscured the discoveries of the Cabots. They are not to be used like the hand-lantern of Diogenes, but the student with painful labor must light up and go over the whole field of history and geography of that day, and look into the 'sea of darkness,' as the Atlantic was then called, stand in their shoes, and see our sphere as the Cabots saw it.

Bear in mind that our grand old globe then stood bolt upright and independent, while the sun, before Copernicus commanded it to stand still, was good enough to revolve round it, the land being much more extensive than the water, Europe and Asia coming round the north like a

big overcoat covering its back and shoulders, so that the North Atlantic was his shirt front, England being a button, and the Gulf of St Lawrence, then supposed to be in Asia, the corresponding button-hole, while Africa and India were the tails hanging down into the sea below the equatorial waistband. No one then dreamed of an intervening new continent, or a Pacific slit up the back.

Let us dismiss all our geographical knowledge acquired since the year 1498, and then read the following extracts of letters written from London. The first is from Pasqualigo to his brothers in Venice, dated August 28, 1497:—

"The Venetian, our countryman, who went with a ship from Bristol in quest of new islands, is returned and says that seven hundred leagues hence he discovered land, the territory of the Grand Cham. He coasted three hundred leagues and landed; saw no human beings....He was three months on the voyage and on his return saw two islands on his right hand, but would not land, time being precious, and he was short of provisions....The King of England is much pleased with the intelligence. The King has promised that in the spring [of 1498] our countryman shall have ten ships," etc...."He is now at Bristol with his wife, who is also Venetian and with his sons;

his name is Zuan Cabot, and he is styled the great admiral....The discoverer of these places planted on his new found land a large cross, with one flag of England and another of St Mark (Venice) by reason of his being a Venetian."

The next day, August 24, 1497, Raimundus in London wrote to his government in Venice:—

"Also some months ago his Majesty [Henry VII] sent out a Venetian [John Cabot] who is a very good mariner and has good skill in discovering new islands, and he has returned safe, and has found two very large and fertile new islands....The next spring [1498] his Majesty means to send him with 15 or 20 ships."

Don Pedro de Ayala, the Spanish ambassador at the Court of Henry VII, wrote to Ferdinand and Isabella on the 25th of July, 1498, of John Cabot, as follows:—

"I think that your Majesties have already heard that the King of England has [this year] equipped a fleet in order to discover certain islands and continents which he was informed some people from Bristol, who manned a few ships for the same purpose last year [1497], had found. I have seen the map which the discoverer has made, who is another Genoese, like Columbus, and who has been in Seville and in Lisbon, asking assistance for his discoveries. The people of Bristol have, for the last seven years, sent out every year two, three or four light ships (Caravelas)

in search of the island of Brazil and the Seven Cities, according to the fancy of this Genoise. The King determined to send out [more ships this year, 1498] because the year before they brought certain news that they had found land. His fleet consisted of five vessels, which carried provisions for one year. It is said that one of them....has returned to Ireland in great distress....The Genoise [John Cabot] has continued his voyage. I have seen on a chart the direction which they took, and the distance they sailed, and I think that what they have found, or what they are in search of, is what your Majesty already possess [being west of the line of Demarcation]. It is expected that they will be back in the month of September."

These documents are perfectly authentic, and the statements in the extracts are positive, important and suggestive. In the first place, they speak only of John Cabot, and effectually dispose of the pretence that the islands were discovered on the 24th of June, 1494, as pertinaciously contended by M. d'Avezac, and feebly argued by Mr Nicholls, instead of 1497.

From the year 1491 or 1492, there was a search by the people of Bristol, in accordance with the fancy of John Cabot, for the fabled island of Brazil, supposed to lie somewhere west

of the coast of Ireland, but there is no intimation that they had found it, or that Cabot had gone himself to look for it; but in 1497 this Genoise did find land, for the first time. It was on the island of Cape Breton, as we learn from other authorities. The same day he saw the island of St John, now Prince Edward's Island, and on his return voyage, coasting 800 leagues, saw two other islands, probably Anticosti and the north end of Newfoundland, near the Straits of Belle Isle; thence home, after an absence of three months.

Nothing south of the Gulf of St Lawrence could have been seen in this voyage, not even the province of Maine. If he effected a landing it was probably on the island of St John. He did not land on the other two islands seen on the right in his homeward passage. It is not unlikely that the south side of Labrador may have been seen; but it is very doubtful if John Cabot or any one of his party *touched* the North American main continent in 1497, or before Columbus landed in South America, in Venezuela, the 30th May, 1498, though this is a matter of no consequence, as far as the priority of the dis-

covery of America by Christopher Columbus is concerned.

These extracts show that John Cabot was a fellow-countryman of Columbus, though by naturalization in 1476 he became a Venetian, and suggest a plausible theory to account for his movements between the granting of his patent in March 1496, and the sailing of his ship, the *Mathew*, in May 1497. Columbus returned from his second or three years' voyage in June 1496, bringing his master of charts, Juan de la Cosa, with him to Seville. The Spanish ambassador writes that Cabot has been in Seville, that is recently. This may have been between March 1496 and April 1497, or between September 1497 and the early spring of 1498.

In either case John Cabot might have seen both Columbus and La Cosa in Seville. La Cosa's great chart very accurately depicting the north side of the Gulf of St Lawrence was finished in the year 1500, and bears every mark of authenticity, but contains no evidence of discoveries south of the Straits of Belle Isle after the voyage of 1497,

either by the Cabots or the Cortereals. There is, of course, great uncertainty in this reasoning, but at all events this important passage in the ambassador's letter shows the early connection of John Cabot with Spain if not with Columbus and La Cosa.

If Sebastian Cabot, therefore, as Mr Nicholls claims 'surveyed and depicted three thousand miles of a coast,' it must have been in the Gulf of St Lawrence, or north of it, as a subordinate to his father John Cabot, and not later than 1498. There is at present, as far as we know, no authentic contemporary evidence known that either John or Sebastian Cabot ever surveyed the coast south of Nova Scotia. We have not overlooked the statement of Peter Martyr or that of Butrigarius, or the assertions of scores of other later authorities based upon these two gossips, the one writing wildly eighteen, and the other more than forty, years after the events described.

In the fall of 1512, John Cabot in whose name the patent of 1496 and the supplemental license of 1498 stood, being dead, Sebastian Cabot, it is

well known, having received no further encouragement from Henry VII or Henry VIII, was residing in October in Seville, with a royal commission as captain in his pocket, awaiting orders there, in the service of the King of Spain, where he remained for a great number of years, though perhaps visiting England occasionally. Here he became the intimate friend of Peter Martyr, one of the Council of the Indies, and shortly after was appointed a member of that board himself. A little later, rising in honors and salary, he became in 1518 the pilot major of Spain, and in 1524 was deputed as one of the twenty-four wise men of Charles the Fifth, to preside over the celebrated Geographical Congress of Badajos.

After the return of the Victoria in 1522 with the glorious results of Magellan's unfortunate expedition, maritime enterprise, public and private, was greatly aroused throughout Spain and Portugal. Innumerable schemes for developing commerce with the Orient, and making further discoveries and explorations, were proposed to the Council of the Indies and

discussed. Every pilot, whether amateur or practical, had his card of the shortest route to the Indies. Of these schemes, no less than six were approved and adopted by the government and promoted wholly or in part by the public funds, viz: that of Cortes, of Loaysa, of Gomez, of Ayllon, of Cabot himself, and of Saavedra, besides many others of minor importance.

Now in the several official positions of Sebastian Cabot in Spain, it was his duty to superintend and watch over all the discoveries and explorations of the Spanish navigators, to supply them with instructions, charts and scientific instruments, etc.

As councillor, as pilot major and president of the geographers, and as a man of vast experience, he was presumed to know all that had been discovered by his contemporaries. Is it reasonable, therefore, to suppose that if he had been down the coast of Maine, Massachusetts and Virginia, from Bacalaos, as his advocates claim, in 1497 or 1498, to latitude 80 degrees, or as some say to the point of Florida, he would have yielded without a

word of protest his prior right to the *discoveries* of Ponce de Leon in Florida in 1518, of Grijalva, Cortes and Garay, in the Gulf of Mexico, in 1518-20, of Ayllon as far north as Cape Fear in 1520 and 1526, of Gomez up to Rhode Island in 1525, to say nothing of the voyages of Verazzano for the French? No writer pretends to deprive these navigators of their rights as *discoverers* and explorers, and no protest or contemporary claim is forthcoming from Sebastian Cabot, who was all the time in the field and well acquainted with the affairs.

It is to be borne in mind that, while these navigators were groping their way up the coast of the present United States from Florida towards Cape Malabar, or the south side of Cape Cod, between 1518 and 1525, they supposed they were exploring the coast of Eastern Asia, beyond where Marco Polo and Sir John Mandeville had been, never suspecting an intervening continent, so much out were they and all the scientific world besides in their calculations of longitude. La Cosa laid down the Asiatic line in 1500, continuing it from a little beyond the Ganges to

meet the parts discovered by John Cabot. La Cosa positively limits, in a very definite manner, the discoveries of the English to the *Mar* or Gulf of St Lawrence.

The highly important Portuguese portolano now preserved at Munich, and described by Kuntzmann, made about 1514, one of the earliest and honestest maps known, after adding the discoveries of the Cortereals to those of the Cabots, and of Ponce de Leon, leaves the whole space from Nova Scotia to Charleston open, as being entirely unknown. From all these circumstances we are forced to the conclusion that the rights of the English to the discoveries of John Cabot and his family in 1497-98 were allowed to lapse, and that Sebastian Cabot never saw the North American coast south of Nova Scotia.

In April, 1526, Sebastian Cabot, after long and ample preparations at Seville, sailed for the Moluccas via the Straits of Magellan, with four well equipped ships, for the purpose of reënforcing and assisting the expedition of Loaysa which had sailed nine months before by the same

route, with the view first to succor the men left there by Magellan's fleet, and then to establish and protect in the Moluccas Spanish Commercial Bureaus. Cabot's expedition was an utter failure, chiefly from his practical incompetence and disobedience of orders. Juan de Solis had been down the coast of Brazil, and Cabot had conceived a notion that by penetrating the great river afterwards called Rio de la Plata he might pass through to the Moluccas, and thus avoid the Southern straits and shorten the distance to the Spiceries. Accident and mutiny had something, no doubt, to do with his change of plan, but his ambition to find a new route had more.

In this expedition Cabot penetrated far into the interior of Paraguay, explored many large rivers and fertile provinces, suffered many hardships, lost most of his men and ships, and finally, after more than five years of toil, hardship and disappointment, returned to Spain, in 1531, without any favorable results, to find that Charles the Fifth, hard up for money, had pawned the Moluccas to the King of Portugal, and was too happy

to avoid any inquiry into the failures of his six great exploring expeditions. So Cabot resumed his official duties and remained in office till 1548, when he returned to England at the age probably of seventy-two or seventy-six years.

Shortly after this he was made use of by certain merchants of London in getting up a trading company to Russia, and to seek a North-eastern passage to China. But of these honorable enterprises very little has come down to us of a character to lift him to the high position claimed by Mr Nicholls. Documents may hereafter turn up justifying in a degree the high encomiums of our author, but at present we know of them not. Nor do we know of any one whose 'calumny has flung its filth on his memory.' On the page of history if one finds very little in favor of Sebastian Cabot to raise him far above the level, yet no one has found anything against him. His record, so far as we know, is honorable, but there is very little of it, and it seems to us idle at this day by mere assertion to build up a reputation for him.

Sebastian Cabot died probably in 1558, but no one at present knows precisely when or where, and therefore it would be as difficult to find a fit place to erect a monument to him, as to find a good and sufficient reason for it. It is better far, according to the old saw, that people should ask, why hath not this man a monument? than, why hath he one? We ask why should a statue be erected to Sebastian Cabot? and why should the new Continent be named Cabotia?

To all intents and purposes Christopher Columbus was the discoverer of America, and is entitled to that honorable distinction. The grand idea of sailing west to find the east was his, and the success was his; let the honor be his. For eighteen years was he laboring to cipher out and to carry out this theory, which was all his own.

Tired and worn out in Portugal, after ten years he found his way into Spain in 1485. For seven long years he danced attendance on the Spanish Court, with no fortune but his idea; sometimes thread-bare and bare-footed, ever pressing his suit, never flagging in his confidence,

questioned and ridiculed by commissions of geographers and scientific men, scorned by the Church and its narrow-pated sciolists; without ever being able to penetrate the conservative ignorance of the learned, the reverend and the courtly, or, as he complained, to convince any one man how it was possible to sail west and reach the East.

To us, therefore, it seems but trifling with common sense and playing with words for Mr Nicholls to contend that Sebastian Cabot discovered America, just as it does for Senhor Varnhagen to bestow the distinction of Discoverer upon Amerigo Vespucci. In the year 1492, Columbus, after having first made his landfall upon a small island, explored the northeast coast of Cuba, supposing it to pertain to Asia. Thence returning eastward, he visited Hispaniola, taking it to be the Zipangu of Marco Polo—the Japan of to-day. In 1494, in his second voyage, he explored almost the entire southern coast of Cuba, having his Master of Charts, Juan de la Cosa, with him to delineate his discoveries; and soon after circumnavigated his Zipangu, visiting Jamaica and

other islands. In 1506, two years before Cuba was found to be an island, Columbus died in the belief that, by a western route, he had found the land of the Grand Cham of China. Now at that time, whatever portions of the globe did not pertain to Europe or Africa, belonged to Asia. He placed his discoveries in Eastern Asia, giving names only to certain islands in compliment to his patrons, but was too just and modest to bestow his own name on the ancient continent of Asia, parts of which Alexander had conquered and Aristotle described. By a circumstance perfectly fortuitous, after the death of Columbus, and without the knowledge of Vespucci, in 1507, by a little knot of earnest students, in a remote mountain town of France, the beautiful name AMERICA was suggested for the newly described large island of Terra Santæ Crusis, or Brazil. This large country was nearly a thousand miles from the regions first discovered by Columbus, and another thousand from that other province of Asia called Bacalaos, afterwards seen by John Cabot. No one then suspected that all these fields of discovery were parts of one grand conti-

ment, to become thereafter known as the New Hemisphere. Of these names of distinct provinces, Cuba, Paria, Brazil, America and Bacalaos, the chances of one supplanting the rest were as good as those of another. But, as usual, beauty triumphed. As subsequent explorations connected the islands and developed the continent, the beautiful name America extended by degrees over the whole, by the same law of manifest destiny which caused the easily pronounced name of the little province of AFRICA to supplant that of ancient Libya. Within about a century, the new hemisphere became North and South America, the fourth grand division of the globe. Cuba, therefore, discovered in 1492, is as much a part of America as England is of Europe, or Martha's Vineyard is of Massachusetts; and hence Columbus is entitled to the designation of Discoverer, just as much as if he had the same year first put his foot upon Florida, Labrador or Brazil.

Thus the ambitious monument which Mr Nicholls has achieved for his hero with such commendable zeal and love is chipped away by

the cold chisel of simple facts, leaving his book without a hero and his hero without a record. Sebastian Cabot, who has been cruelly dragged into prominence within the last forty years by over-zealous advocates, must now bow to the inexorable laws of historic truth and retire to respectable mediocrity, unless some new old documents may reinstate him, while his father will assume his true position on the page of history.

We are sorry for Mr Nicholls and dear old mercantile Bristol to lose a pet hero like Sebastian Cabot; but if with his manifestly earnest and amiable qualities the author can transfer his labor of love to John Cabot, elide a great deal of irrelevant padding, correct innumerable authorial and typographical errors, state his opinions in something like logical sequence, with guesses a little narrower and studies a little broader, with more precision and less fine writing, with bigger facts and smaller inferences, he may yet achieve a *Cabotia* of some sort or other for Bristol, and deposit in the British Museum a *Life of John Cabot* that shall be a credit to himself, a valuable

contribution to biographical literature, and an honor to Bristol. Let him suppress his finely engraved map, because, of the sixty-five names upon it, his copyist and engraver have managed to misspell above forty, hopelessly disguising some of them. This is a very serious matter, unnecessarily complicating questions too obscure already.

In a future edition Mr Nicholls might also explain, in respect of the excellent line-engraved portrait, that what was true of it forty years ago is not true now. The original portrait (not by Holbein, as claimed, for it is now ascertained that Hans died five years before Sebastian Cabot returned to England from Spain) was once in the possession of Charles Joseph Harford, esq., but about forty years ago it passed into the hands of our countryman, Mr Richard Biddle, at a cost, it is understood, of £500, and was brought to this country. A fine copy, full size, was taken, and is now preserved in the gallery of the Massachusetts Historical Society, the original having been destroyed some years ago in the great fire of Litchburg.

By just so many pegs as we lower the hero of
Mr Nicholls, a corresponding allowance must
be debited to Dr Kohl and M. d'Avezac against
their estimates of Sebastian Cabot in the recent
volume of the Maine Historical Society. America
in rearranging and setting up her penates,
must never forget Sebastian Cabot or
be ungrateful for his services, but
let the niche assigned to him by
Truth and History be ap-
propriate to his merits,
and not derogatory
to the honor of
OTHERS

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